The Claim on Deer Creek.

By A. H. GIBSON.

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CHAPTER I.

"What p'int air yer aimin' fur, stranger?"

The period of the early settlement of Kansas is replete with excitement and interest to the lover of history. When the question as to whether Kansas was to be a free or a slave state was left to the people settling within her borders, there was a wild inrushing of souls from both north and south, bringing with them their strongest sectional prejudices. Each element was aggressively determined to establish political supremacy on those untamed prairies of the buffalo and the Indian, and when those feelings, so widely different, clashed, as a natural consequence bloodshed resulted, and Kansas was given a title, not of her own choosing, "Bloody."

After the war, in the latter part of the sixties, a great influx of immigration set into Kansas. These settlers came from many different states, and were more the true homeseekers, in the broad sense of the term, than the classes first referred to in this tale.

It was a balmy spring day in 1868 that a large, heavily loaded wagon, covered with thick canvas and drawn by an ill matched team, moved slowly along the old military road, about thirty-five miles south of Fort Scott. The "off horse" was a large, bony black, while his mate was a rough coated, jaded looking gray mule, whose appearance might have suggested service in the days of Methuselah.

The spring seat of the "prairie schooner" was occupied by as oddly an assorted pair as the team which drew them southward over the billowy plain.

The driver, Adam Hamlet, was a man about forty-five years of age. He was a hunchback, his body thick set and his legs diminutive in size and length. His broad though misshapen shoulders supported a large head, covered with reddish brown hair; his eyes looked like two bright blue beads, while his mouth suggested a humming bird's nest in a thicket, all but hidden as it was in the bushy growth of whiskers that fortified the entire lower part of his face. His clothing was made of coarse jeans, and his feet were incased in rusty, cowhide boots, one of which he had elevated upon the dashboard.

The man's companion, the sole one who had shared his long travels in the covered wagon, was his daughter Nancy, a tall, slender girl of eighteen, in whose pretty pink cheeks, hazel eyes and dark tresses could be traced a strong resemblance to the mother who had been left behind in a little country graveyard.

The Hamlets were originally from Tennessee, but for the past five or six years had been living near relatives in that part of Illinois which is locally designated as "Egypt." But the death of his two youngest children, followed soon by the wife, made him dissatisfied with the locality, and putting his only remaining child, Nancy, with their lighter household goods, into the wagon, he had set his face westward with the purpose to take up "the burden of life again" out in Kansas.

Before leaving "Egypt" Adam Hamlet had met a claim holder who was homesick, and desired to sell or trade his prairie land in the wild west. By turning over a few head of cattle Hamlet came into possession of a claim which he had never seen—a very unbusinesslike way of doing things; but as all his neighbors vouched for the man's honesty Hamlet decided to run the risk.

With explicit directions from the previous owner, the settler was now on his way to the southeastern part of the state, where the claim was located.

Hamlet was of a most genial disposition, despite his somewhat unfavorable appearance, and as they journeyed over the seemingly endless plains the girl's eyes would ever and again turn toward her deformed parent, and rest upon him with an expression of protective tenderness and the utmost filial affection.

"We kain't reach the claim tonight, pap, I reckon," she remarked, after a silence.

"No, I reckon we kain't, Nancy," he answered, looking before them down the road. "We must be nigh erbout thirty mile yit from ther claim, ef I hain't missed my calkerlations."

"Yes, an' Pete and Molly ac's as ef they was jest erbout tuckered out," Nancy said pityingly

"Yes, I 'low they air."

"Bein' as we kain't git to Deer creek tonight, we best go into camp airly, an' give the beasts a good rest," said the girl.

"Yes, we will, Nancy! Yer see that patch o' timber lyin' erhead o' us?"

"Jest over Pete's right ear?"

"Yes; thet's the patch. I 'low we'll find a creek thar, an' wood ter cook our supper by. We'll camp thar."

They drove along in silence for some time, during which the girl's intelligent hazel eyes were kept busy observing the strange forms of nature around them.

The prairies were covered with a carpet of tender green grass, enstarred thickly with deer tongues and other wild flowers which accompany the renewal of the year in Kansas. Yellow breasted larks sang blithe welcomes to the newcomers from some dead indigo or iron weed hard by the roadside, while red birds darted like a flame across their way, and perched on a last year's sunflower stalk, trilling notes of silvery sweetness. Occasionally a huge jackrabbit would go leaping away with erect ears across the rolling plain, and coyotes might be seen hovering along the brow of a ravine howling dismally.

"It's plumb wild lookin' out hyer in Kansas, ain't it, pap?" the girl remarked.

"Yes, I'm erfeard, too, yer goin' ter git powerful homesick out hyer," answered Adam Hamlet.

"No, I ain't aimin' to git homesick, pap. It'll be plumb different, I know, from livin' ermong friends; but we've come out hyer to make us a home of our own, an' I ain't goin' to git homesick." And she set her lips firmly, as was Nancy Hamlet's habit when summoning her forces of resolution.

"God bless yer, Nancy! Yer a brave one, an' I don't know how I'd ever git erlong without yer," said Adam in a fond tone.

"Jest see the posies an' the purty birds! I hain't goin' to be without friends with such company as them to cheer me out hyer," she said in a cheerful voice.

That evening they encamped on the banks of a small, thinly wooded stream. While Hamlet attended to the tired team Nancy gathered some dry twigs, with which she soon had a fire started. Then she put on larger sticks, and when she had secured a good bed of coals she went to the stream, filled the tea kettle with water and fixed it to boil. This done, she went to the larder in the wagon, cut several slices of bacon, prepared a large pan of fresh biscuits and was flitting around her camp fire like a veritable sylvan nymph of cookery.

Hamlet had picketed his animals to graze on the delicious grass along the creek, and had just come back to the wagon when a horseman came riding toward the camp.

In the roseate tints of sunset Hamlet saw that the stranger was a young man of about twenty-six, handsome and straight as a pine. He wore a semi-Indian suit of fancifully fringed leather, and his light curly hair reached to his massive shoulders from under his wide sombrero.

He rode up to the wagon and halted before Adam.

"Good evening, stranger!" he greeted the mover.

"Good evenin', sir!" returned the hunchback, looking admiringly at the stranger's fine pony and tasteful equipments.

"What p'int air yer aimin' fur, stranger?" asked the horseman, his blue eyes following the movements of Nancy as she busied herself with the cooking over the little camp fire, just beyond the spot where he had reined in. He could not help thinking what a pleasant picture the girl made in her dark calico dress and large checked apron, while the aroma of the coffee and frying bacon which rose on the prairie air was very alluring, indeed, to a vigorous, hungry man.

"I be aimin' fur Cherokee county," answered Hamlet.

"Yer don't say!"

"Yes; I've swapped fur a claim down ther."

"Wherbouts?"

"On a stream thet's called Deer creek."

"Well, I'm glad o' that. I live nigh Deer creek myself."

"Thet so?" and Hamlet regarded his future neighbor with fresh interest.

"Yes, I have a cattle ranch near the Neosho river, 'bout five miles southwest o' Deer creek. Wher yer from, stranger?"

"From Illinoy."

"I understood yer ter say as yer'd swapped fur somebody's claim down ther. Who did yer swap with?"

"Ik Pender."

"Great Scott! Has Ik left ther country fur good an' swapped off his claim?"

"Yes, there's no doubt about it, sir, fur we made a fair an' squar' trade, as my darter Nancy thar can testify."

"I ain't a-doubtin' yer word, stranger, at all. Only Ik had a mighty val'able piece o' sile on Deer creek, and it didn't never seem as ef he keered to part with it."

"Waal, yer see Pender come back to his folks purty homesick, an' hearin' of my wantin' to go out to Kansas, he jest up an' offered to make a swap of his claim for some stock I had. So the land, yer say, is val'able?"

"Yes, Ik Pender's claim is the best on Deer creek. But yer hev no writin's to prove the claim's yers, hev yer?"

"Nothin' only Ik Pender's own writin' to say ther swap is genywine. He said he hadn't never contracted fer the claim."

"No, fur I reckon Ik, like some other chaps I know, wasn't keerin' to hev the land leaguers git up a necktie social fur his special benefit."

"The land leaguers? What's them?"

"Ther settlers who contend thet congress has no right to sell the lands ter some ole monopolist, but thet they hev a plumb right to pre-empt any homestead, an' pay a little fee ter our government for their places, 'ste'd o' a big pile to some individual who has bought the privilege of disposing of what's called the neutral lands."

"I never heerd nothin' o' these leaguers before."

"Well, they've been a-threatenin' fur some spell what they'd do ef congress done that way with the lands, an' hev been stirred up considerable. But it's just lately thet they're callin' meetin's at the settlers' cabins and organizin' leagues. Thar's a heap of excitement out hyer, stranger, over these neutral lands."

"I reckon they won't trouble me."

"Ef they do, Tom Byers will see yer safe through. I'm not a leaguer nur a anti-leaguer; I jest reserve ther right to act as I please, as any free American citizen ought to do."

"Thet's me, too, Mr. Byers. But won't yer lite, give yer beast a rest, an' take supper with us?"

"Thank yer, I don't keer if I do," and he threw himself from the saddle and began preparations to lariat his pony. "I'm goin' to ride on ter Fort Scott tonight, fur I've got ter be thar on important business in the morning, but I reckon Popcorn an' me kin travel all ther faster after a little rest hyer along with you uns. But what's yer name, stranger?"

"Hamlet—Adam Hamlet. Hyer, Nancy, this gentleman is Mr. Byers, who lives near Deer creek, wher we air bound fur, an' he's goin' ter stay fur supper."

To Tom Byers it was the most delightful supper he had eaten since he had left his mother and sisters back in Kentucky. There was a vast and an agreeable difference to him in stowing away food which a pretty girl had prepared from having to fare morning, noon and night on hard, tough biscuits and meat burnt to a scrap.

Tom gave the newcomers much interesting information about the country and settlers where they expected to establish their home. He nearly forgot his business to Fort Scott as he sat on a log in the little woodland, answering the fair Nancy's questions. But when the moon rose and began to shed her silvery luster over the prairies, he mounted Popcorn and rode reluctantly away from the little camp fire where some witchery had seemed to enchain him.

Quiet brooded over the camp of the tired travelers, and they soon slept soundly. But Tom Byers pursued his lonely journey, the music of a new, sweet voice ringing in his heart, while a pair of wondrous hazel eyes smiled at him from every moonbeam that darted across his path.

Bright and early the next morning Hamlet and his daughter resumed their journey southward.

The man seemed inclined to bestow much praise on their acquaintance of the preceding night, but Nancy was entirely non-commital regarding the opinion which she had formed of the young ranchman.

When they reached the Cherokee county line they left the military road which led to Baxter Springs, and took a rough wagon trail that zigzagged across the prairie in a southwesterly direction toward the Neosho river.

At four o'clock that evening they halted before a log cabin, where Joe Dugan, a primitive Kansan, having settled there in 1857, kept a country postoffice, to which the mail was carried once a week from Baxter Springs, nearly twenty miles distant.

Adam Hamlet presented his note of introduction from Ik Pender, and Joe Dugan and his wife came out to the wagon and talked in a most friendly manner for more than an hour.

When the travelers were ready to start on, they having declined the Dugans' pressing invitation to stay overnight at their cabin, the old borderman said:

"Well, seein' yer won't stay with us, I'll put Ned on the pony an' let him 'scort yer ter ther claim. Deer creek's erbout four miles furder on; but Ned knows Pender's place like a book, fur many's the day the boy's spent with Pender in his dugout when the huntin' was extry."

Under the guidance of Ned Dugan, a strapping youth of seventeen, the Hamlets reached their claim on Deer creek just before the sun had dropped below the tree tops along the Neosho river.

Deer creek was a prairie stream, with thickets of wild plum and blackberry vines along its banks, with now and then a cottonwood or a wild cherry tree to break the monotony. It took a southwesterly course, flowing into the Neosho about six or seven miles from Hamlet's claim.

There were no cabins on the stream, and a rude rock chimney protruding from a high bank and showing above the tall prairie grass proclaimed the situation of the dugout, which was to be their habitation for the present at least.

"Well, I'm plumb glad ter git hyer at last, pap, ef it is only a dugout," Nancy remarked with a sigh of relief as the tired team halted before the habitation, hollowed out of the side of a steep bank. There was a smooth bank about eighteen feet wide, hard as a floor, right before the dugout door, and sloping very gradually to the little creek bed below.

"I'm afeared yer goin' ter find it mighty rough livin' in a dugout, Nancy," said Hamlet as he inspected the anything but cleanly interior.

"Oh, I'll slick it up a heap, pap," said the girl, who had followed him inside, "till it'll look plumb different. It's home, pap, an' thet means a sight to folks like us, who hain't hed one o' ther own fur a long spell."

"Yer right, Nancy; an' we'll make a reg'lar home of it ef it is only a ole dugout."

Ned Dugan rode home, leaving the new settlers alone.

They had just finished their evening meal, and had started to remove some of their goods from the wagon into the dugout, when a man rode up and shouted in a loud, harsh voice:

"Hello!"

The bright light of their camp fire showed Hamlet and Nancy a man of about thirty, with a hard, cadaverous countenance, pale gray eyes and red, bristly hair and mustache. He was roughly dressed, and wore a broad belt, from which protruded a pair of large revolvers and a huge knife.

It was plain that he was a desperate character, and as his small, evil eyes fell on the girl's fair face and pretty form she shrank out of his sight into the shadow of the covered wagon.

"What yer doin' hyer?" he demanded of Hamlet, who faced him unflinchingly.

"I'm 'tendin' to my own business, thet's what!"

"Look hyer, do yer know wot claim jumpers gits out on these puraries?"

"I reckon they git the claim."

"Don't try ter rub any o' yer durned smartness off on me. Answer me straight!"

"All right. Ask questions as ef yer was addressin' a gentleman an' I will."

"How'd yer git hyer?"

"In thet covered wagon."

"Wall, yer'll go erway in it again sooner'n yer 'lowed to, I reckon, or Dick Hines is a blamed liar!"

"Hines or any other chap's a liar who says I'm goin' off o' this claim. I traded fur it, fair an' squar', an' I'm hyer to stay!"

"Traded fur it! How?"

"I traded Ik Pender cattle fur it, back in Illinoy. Thet's how I got it."

"Waal, yer deceived, stranger, thet's

Nancy had flung her strong young arms around her father's neck.

all. I'm sorry fur yer, but it kain't be holped. My claim's erhead o' yer'n. Yer see Ik owed me fur a span o' mules wot he got of me, and when he left the country without payin' fur 'em I took this claim o' his hyer on Deer creek."

"I kain't help thet, Mr. Hines. I'm not responsible fur Ik Pender's debts, an' ther claim's mine, an' hyer I'm goin' ter stick."

"I've been 'bidin' in thet dugout off an' on now fur two months, and I tell yer ther claim's mine!" asserted Dick Hines, with an oath that made Nancy shudder.

"Yers by jumpin', I reckon. But thet's no right, ef a man does owe yer. Besides thar's nothin' in the dugout ter prove yer've been stayin' hyer except a few prairie chicken feathers an' rabbit skins, an' sich dirt maybe. The neighbors shorely didn't know o' yer 'bidin' hyer on Pender's claim, from what they've been sayin' ter me. I guess yer've been keepin' yer claim jumpin' mighty secret, hain't yer? Maybe yer afeared o' ther league, fur I hyar it said over ter Dugan's thet ther settlers air pledged ter pertect a fellar's claim durin' his absence. Like as not yer've been dreamin' ther claim's yer'n. Ride home, stranger, an' come round in ther mornin' an' tell us yer made a mistake."

With a horrible oath Hines snatched one of the revolvers from his belt, and pointed it toward Adam Hamlet's heart. "D—n yer! I'll leave yer hyer fur ther coyotes ter pick," and his fingers touched the trigger.

With a scream that echoed wildly across the prairie, Nancy threw herself before her father.

CHAPTER II.

But Dick Hines did not shoot. Either he was too cowardly or he had a large enough spark of manhood within him not to fire at a woman.

Nancy had flung her strong young arms around her father's neck, and placed herself a loving screen between him and danger.

There she stood in the little camp fire's ruddy light before that isolated dugout, such a brave, sweet picture of protection for her deformed father that even Dick Hines, villain and rough character though he was, was struck by it, and wheeled his horse around as if he would depart immediately.

"Stranger, I reckon yer kin use ther dugout ternight, but I give yer warnin' ter git off'n ther claim afore tomorrer sunset."

"Yer very kind, I'm shore," returned Hamlet with quiet scorn, "ter 'low me ther privilege o' 'bidin' overnight on my own property."

"Remember," said Hines, unheeding the other's sarcasm and putting his revolver in his belt, "yer ter be off'n this hyer claim afore tomorrer sunset."

"Thank yer fur repeatin' it; my memory's plumb good yit," Hamlet made answer, in spite of Nancy's whispered warning to say no more to the armed villain.

"I've give yer ample warnin'," Hines concluded. "I don't want no trouble with yer, but unless yer off'n ther claim by tomorrer night yer kin expec' ter be waited on by a committee app'inted ter 'tend ter sech cases as yer'n."

"Waal, I 'low yer committee couldn't wait on er better man than Adam Hamlet," the new settler flung after Hines, as he put spurs to his horse and rode swiftly away in the darkness.

Next morning as they ate their breakfast Nancy said:

"Pap, I'm thinkin' maybe yer'd best quit the claim an' save fussin'. Thet Hines is a desp'rate man."

"Yes, I 'low he is, but I aim ter make him a heap more desp'rater afore I quit this hyer claim I've come so fur ter git," replied Hamlet, spreading molasses on his cornbread, and eating his coarse fare with keen relish.

"I reckon it would be kinder hard fur me ter leave the claim now thet I've been settin' such store on havin' a home of our own, after livin' on a rented place so long. It's a mighty purty place hyer, pap, an' I'm gittin' 'tached ter livin' hyer already," said the girl, as she gazed about her.

The large drygoods box which served them as table, and at which they now sat, was placed just outside of the dugout door, and where they could command an uninterrupted view of the surrounding country for miles away. It was a wild but beautiful view indeed.

Miles and miles of trackless prairies, clothed in richest green and rarest wild flowers, sloped gently away, until the eye encountered a line of timber, fringing some stream in the distance. The warm amber of a glorious sunrise burnished the landscape and increased its natural loveliness to a great degree.

On some of the little "swells" in the plain flocks of cattle and ponies of all colors could be seen grazing on the bedewed grass of early morning, while a spiral wreath of blue smoke here and there, outlined against a cloudless sky and appearing afar off, marked the location of a settler's cabin.

It was the Kansas of nature, before the settlers had turned her broad acres into the fertile fields of corn and wheat, as the traveler sees them today.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A stirring incident took place not long ago in Courbevoie, when Paul Leprince, the aeronaut, and one of his friends, made a balloon ascension. They had reached an elevation of fifteen hundred feet, when they began to hear a peculiar whistling sound. Leprince climbed upon the ring, and discovered a tear, a few inches long, made by the branch of a tree, against which they had swept in their upward passage. What followed is related by Leprince in L'Illustration.

At this moment, the sun dispelled the clouds and shone with all its force upon the balloon. This produced such an expansion of gas that the valve was not sufficient to lessen the strain, and the fabric tore apart, with a noise like the rustling of leaves. Through the opening poured the gas in great volumes.

"We are lost!" cried my friend.

"The ballast!" shouted I. "The ballast!"

In an instant two bags were thrown out. I saw by the barometer that we were nearly five thousand feet above the ground, and then the fall began. We threw out everything of any weight, and prepared to cast off our clothing, and resolved to cling, at the moment of striking, to the netting above.

Fortunately, there was a strong wind blowing, which carried us along at the rate of thirty-five or forty miles an hour, and enabled us to fall at an angle, thus softening the shock.

The balloon was violently shaken in its flight, and kept swinging and swaying in a horrible manner, but this motion was, after all, what saved us.

During one of the most vigorous of these movements, the lower part of the balloon was thrown to the upper part of the netting, and rested there against the valve, in the shape of a dome, forming an immense parachute. At once, the fall was sensibly arrested, but we were still one hundred yards from the ground. The time had come to throw overboard our clothes, but there proved to be no time.

Scarcely had we reached the ropes attached to the ring, when a terrible shock was felt, and we, the basket and balloon were rolled over on the ground together. We were not injured, nor did we even lose consciousness, and thus was a fall of nearly a mile accomplished in less than four minutes.

TARIFF HISTORY.

Interesting Facts Regarding the Early Protective Tariffs Enacted by Congress.

In tracing the tariff history back to its beginning, it is of great interest to find that one of the first laws passed by the first congress was a tariff law, the preamble of which explicitly states that the duties which it imposes are laid "for the support of government, for the discharge of the debts of the United States, and the encouragement and protection of manufactures."

The early protective tariffs of 1816 and 1824 were not northern and eastern measures. Indeed, they were literally forced upon the northern and eastern people.

The tariff of 1816 was distinctly a southern measure. The votes that carried it demonstrated that fact. It was a tariff for the benefit of southern interests and was passed by southern votes and southern influence.

The contest involved was principally between the cotton growers at home and the importers of cotton fabrics from India. These Indian fabrics were made from the cotton of that country.

The people of this country were using cotton fabrics not made of American cotton, and, so far, they were diminishing the demand for the domestic product. The importation of Indian cottons was then very large, and this bill was intended to put an end to it, and it did put an end to it.

Mr. Randolph, however, moved to strike out the minimum valuation clause of the bill, whereupon Mr. Calhoun made a memorable speech, which has evidently been forgotten by his democratic pupils and successors, in which he declared that "the present motion is introduced on the ground that manufactures ought not to receive any encouragement, and will, in its operation leave our cotton establishments exposed to the competition of the cotton goods of the East Indies, which, it is acknowledged on all sides, they are not capable of meeting with success."

In relation to the general system of protecting home manufactures, Mr. Calhoun declared in the same speech that "it is calculated to bind together more closely our widely spread republic. It will greatly increase our mutual dependence and intercourse, and will, as a necessary consequence, excite an increased attention to internal improvements, a subject every way so intimately connected with the ultimate attainment of national strength and the perfection of our political institutions."

It is, also, a fact that the protection tariff of 1824 was adopted by southern and western votes, and that it was considered a matter of severe reproach as against New England that she failed to support that measure.

It must be remembered, however, that the great manufacturing interests of the north and east had not then been established, but that they rapidly sprang into existence under the stimulating and fostering agencies, and the solemn government guarantees, furnished by these protective tariff measures, carried by southern and western votes and influences.

When, however, northern and eastern capital and enterprise has become almost entirely invested in, and devoted to, the great manufacturing industries of the country, and it became manifest that those sections were likely to control the development of these important and growing interests, the south renounced its early political policy, resented the industrial pre-eminence and prosperity of the north and east, and carried its hostility so far as to threaten the dissolution of the Union.

The nullification agitation was in resistance to the tariff measures of 1828 and 1832, and the subsequent secession movement was but a logical sequence of the attitude which the south had assumed on this question.

The democratic party, as representing and expressing the new and dangerous tariff heresies of the south, has ever since been furiously fighting the splendid protection policy of the republican party, which has by its beneficent influence elevated our glorious country above all other nations in the enjoyment of every political privilege and in the possession of every social blessing.

American vs. Imported Prices.

Mr. S. Spurlock, a dealer in general merchandise, Sherwood, Mich., received samples of "imported" pins, accompanied by a circular soliciting his order, and expatiating upon their alleged superiority over American pins; but Mr. Spurlock knew something about pins himself, and promptly wrote the importing house the following self-explanatory letter:

AUGUST 15, 1891.

A. SHUMPTON & SONS, New York City:

GENTLEMEN—I received yours of the 13th inst. A manufacturer of pins in America tells me your pins are all manufactured in the United States; that you import no pins, only needles. I am buying as good as the sample you send me, which are made in Ohio, 40 per cent. less than your quotations. False representations don't count with me. If a man is enjoying American blessings, privileges and institutions he ought to be honorable and honest enough to sail under American colors and give America, the land that blesses him, the benefit.

As to protection to American institutions, you say the duty on your imports is 30 per cent. I say the duty is not high enough, or you would not have imported 6,000 cases of pins to America, as you say you did. I say put the duty to 60 or 100 per cent., or enough to knock out the importers entirely. They are a curse to America. You say the "biggest houses in America buy English pins, and are compelled to, because they can't get the best in America." That is just what lying importers and their allies have been telling in this country for more than one hundred years. A shame on any American citizen who could be so low, base and mean! You say, "Should you change your mind at any time and want a first-class line of goods." No, no, thank you. Don't trouble yourself about that. When I have no native land to stand by, foster and protect, then I'll succumb to Johnnie Bull.

Yours for protection to American labor, capital, honor and truth, S. SPURLOCK.

WE HAVE too long surrendered to other nations the carrying trade of the world. They have subsidized their lines of ships and have rendered competition by unaided lines impossible. We have the choice either to maintain our present inactivity or to promote the establishment of American lines by the same methods that other nations have pursued.—President Harrison.

Canada and Commerce.

OTTAWA, Ont., Sept. 26.—The senate last night adopted an address to her majesty to the effect that Great Britain terminate the provision applying to Canada in certain commercial treaties between Great Britain and Belgium and the German zollverein. Hon. Mr. Abbott said if the representations were favorably considered it would enable Canada to adopt such modifications in its tariff arrangements as would be required for the promotion of its trade against aggressive defense or injurious measures of foreign policy.